ADDRESS

AT THE FUNERAL OF

REV. TOR JOSEPH AUSTIN DAVIS,

August 8th, 1886,

IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

BY THE PASTOR.

BELOVED FRIENDS: As this hour has approached, with its sorrow-moving duties in prospect, I have found myself oppressed with a strange sad thought that my mission in the pastorate is rather to bury the Bloomfield church than to build it up. There are indeed times that bring an opposite feeling, as for example in the Sunday-school where the children are learning the faithful Word, in the Young People's Meetings, where the sanguine hopes of youthfulness are contagious, at the Lord's Table, where still a goodly company fills the seats long made sacred by the communion of saints on earth; but when I recall the long procession of those who have passed away, one by one, whose faces we shall look upon no more—that the name of our loved and honored fellow-member lying here commences a second hundred of the communicants of this dear church whom it has fallen to me, as pastor, to transfer from the roll of the living to the list of the dead, the pain I thought forces itself forward, that at least what I first came to know and love as the Bloomfield church will soon be beneath the ground.

These one hundred also, already deceased and this, the one-hundred-and-first, have not been the young and immature, but the ripe, and the experienced, and the strong, and the wise. Exactly one-half of them—fifty—had lived to be seventy years of age or more, and more than one-third of the rest, sixty years. They were our front rank, our veterans in Christian faith and service: and, as they are fallen now, others less tried are of necessity left to receive the world's onsets and to lead our columns. Like a diminished army we cannot but feel weaker for their loss.

There was read just now the story of Elijah's translation to heaven, (2 Kings 2:1-15.) Sometimes that portion of Scripture is selected as a suitable funeral lesson when a Christian's removal has been sudden, so as to have seemed more like a translation than a dying. But that is not the only impressive suggestion of that history: besides the glorious manner of the aged prophet's departure one cannot pass from it without thinking of the weighty responsibilities thence forward devolved upon the young Elisha. He was, at the time, only about five-and-twenty years old, and when the 'sons of the prophets' unfeelingly reminded him, once and again, that the Lord was about to remove his master from his head that day, with heavy heart he answered, Yea I know it; hold ye your peace. In like manner, Christian friends, the fact of being left in the front, by God's taking away so many of our older members, on whose wisdom and courage and understanding I have been wont to rest, impresses me with heavy thought.

He, whose honored form shall presently pass from yonder familiar and frequented door for the last time, was one of our best and most faithful fellow-disciples, one of the wisest and most prudent counsellors in all our church affairs.

But not only is this Christian congregation bereaved in Dr. Davis's death: the whole community feels a great loss. In many respects he was Bloomfield's most representative citizen, the most genuine example and product of Bloomfield life. In his veins no extraneous blood ran, his descent, in both parental and maternal lines, coming direct and pure from the earliest immigrants of the Newark colony. Our very town is chiefly built on his ancestral farm.

I think all here will concur in the opinion that probably no person ever loved our village with such ardent love nor took such profound pleasure in all its varied interests as he. He made the town a part of his own life. Here he was born; here he grew up; here his character was formed, modeled after the patterns this town held up in family, community and church: here he imbibed that high estimate of liberal education which distinguished the earlier generations here so honorably. Here all his principles were laid, social, moral and religious. Here he spent his whole life of seventy-three years, save the brief time he was perfecting himself in general and professional studies. For many years he probably knew everybody in the town and every person in the town knew him. For nearly half a century he went in and out of our homes, loved of rich and poor alike, long our leading physician. All Bloomfield can claim him for its own.

The remarkable public spirit which our honored friend always showed was well acquired. His father before him had the like. The meeting of citizens which originally adopted the name, Bloomfield, for our township, ninety years ago, his father presided over, and it was legitimately in line that the son should for so many years have been called to moderate all our parish meetings and town meetings and school meetings, as long as he had strength to attend. The earliest step taken to organize this church—fifty years the only church in the place—was at a gathering in his own father's house, ninety-two years ago. It impressively exhibits what a day of small things that was, to be told that a committee from the Presbytery of New York met committees from the First church in Newark and the First church in Orange to consider and advise whether a separate congregation should be established here. There were only those two Presbyterian churches this side of New York, and the Presbytery of New York had jurisdiction over all this part of New Jersey.

A sermon was preached that day, (in the Davis cottage, which is still standing and occupied by descendants of the family,) by the Rev. Dr. Rogers of the Wall street church, in New York, from the text, Rev. 3:5. He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels. They decided to form this congregation and named it the Third Presbyterian church in Newark Township, the Orange church being the second, Newark township embracing both. But there was not then, nor for five years thereafter any church edifice, and during all those years the meetings were chiefly held

home. It was but right that the son of such a father should be a good man, and a Christian man.

That same Father Davis gave the ground whereon afterwards they built the church, this now venerable sanctuary; and, ten years later, the ground for the Bloomfield Academy, that had a long career of usefulness, and still perpetuates its usefulness as the German Theological Seminary; and then the ground also for our beautiful park. For though this land was sold to the township at a stipulated price, the money was never paid; so that this invaluable possession of our village is also really a Davis gift.

It was in fit order that the son of such a father should be public spirited; that he should have been one of the earliest promoters, and the first trustee of our village free schools, before the policy of public schools had been adopted by the State at large—that he should have given laborious and useful service in Town Committee, and in the Board of Chosen Freeholders—that he should have been most influential in securing Bloomfield's first railway connection—that he should be found the President of our Gas Company, of our Cemetery Company, of our Public Improvement Association, and an active and effective worker in everything that pertained to Bloomfield's prosperity and welfare.

One of his unfailing pleasures during his long illness was to have himself driven around to see the various improvements going on, and they always formed the chief topic of his conversation when friends called on him. His affections for many years had flowed out in a full, unchecked stream upon everything that belonged to this locality, the loved home of his fathers.

Always a leader in public affairs, he was eminently prudent and careful not to move in any matter faster than the community was ready to follow. Far-seeing and clear-seeing himself, he yet was a profound believer in the maxim that everybody is wiser than anybody. He loved to assure himself before beginning his many undertakings for the public good, that the other thoughtful people approved his plans.

I said our honored friend here was our most representative Bloomfield man. If he were truly a fair example of our citizens, we would indeed be a happy community. It is truer to say that he was about the best product of our town—as one said in my hearing, the soundest apple on the tree. It is no small credit to a town to be able to produce even one such—a man of broad mind, intelligent, thorough, honest, faithful, a real lover of his kind, warm, steadfast in his friendships and deep and pure in his love. All his kindred and all who were privileged with his more intimate acquaintance, learned to believe that the depths of his love were simply unfathomable.

It is a common observation that deep streams are usually not wide, and broad streams usually shallow, and so those who love men with a general philanthropy are often lacking in deeper affections, and persons who are distinguished for special devotion to particular friends, are frequently heartless toward the rest of the world, but our friend here was, in heart, both broad and deep. There was no human suffering that failed to move his pity, no human being he would deny a kindness to, as his long medical practice here, much of it gratuitous, among the poor, abundantly demonstrates. At the same time he had always in reserve a warm affection that amazed them.

In one respect, Dr. Davis's life was a hard and trying one—his hours of rest and the regularity of his necessary meals were constantly broken in upon; he was exposed to every severity of weather and storm and had to meet continually the depressing influences inseparable from the sight of suffering.

But in another aspect it was a happy one With his robust constitution and manly spirit and temperate habits he cared little for the hardships; he rather felt an elation of soul in braving the elements, and positively enjoyed ministering to the comforts of the sick. And he enjoyed his successes too, for many a limb and many a life he by his skill saved for useful service in this community.

Then he was happy in the esteem and love of his neighbors, which he highly prized—in the gratitude of the many he had aided in manifold ways, and in the sweet and pure affections of home and family, and happy too in the peace of God. For though it was not thrust forward and paraded with many words, our lamented friend was of a deeply religious spirit, his religiousness being of that richest quality that distils from a habit and purpose of doing right. His Christian faith he was by no means ashamed of.

I shall never forget the occurrences of a visit to him in his chamber just four four weeks ago this day. He was in the measure of health usual for him since the stroke of paralysis, and all his family were present. After some other conversation, he turned to me and said, with a deepening earnestness of look and voice, that he knew the nature of his disease and that his life could not be much further prolonged. Its end would probably come very suddenly some day (just as we know it did come.) He wished therefore while he had strength and opportunity, to let me, as his pastor know fully his state of mind. He believed sincerely and without a doubt the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ: he accepted it for himself in all entireness and trust: he wished to die in accordance with its hopes, in full reconciliation with God and with man—he felt his personal unworthiness before God, but rested confidently on the merciful redemption that is in Christ our Savior. Then and only he said, "Let us pray,' and without waiting for any to kneel, sitting there, unable to move himself in his chair, he proceeded in a long, and to me most marvelous prayer. It impressed me—I may truly say it astonished me by its profound reverence for God, its deep humility, its penitence, its earnestness of supplication for pardon, the spirituality of its desires, not stopping short of entire deliverance from all sin and perfect restoration to God's face and favor. He pleaded the mediation of Christ, he pleaded the covenant promises, more than once returning to request that he and his might be included in the grace of the "Everlasting Covenant," and be united with the dear ones who had gone before at the Savior's right hand. He prayed that his loved ones might be kept from all harm, and especially both he and they from all sin against God. Then he prayed for me, his pastor, for the church and for you all, his fellow-townsmen.

A part of the prayer I lost through the impediment in his utterance, for his tongue with the rest of his body was partially paralyzed. But I was sure that God's ear lost none of it and I felt that never had my own soul been brought so into the heavenly brightness of the mercy seat above, where the Lord sits in glory to answer prayer, as when following those soul sent petitions. Often in the chambers of the sick and dying have I myself been requested to lead in prayer; but never before was it my happiness to be wafted heavenward, in this manner, on the prayer of the departing one Like the dying patriarchs of old, he was stronger to pray for us than we for him.

I recall in this connection another instance of his praying that may further illustrate his character. I had been sent for to visit, as pastor, the dying bed of one of the Doctor's patients, by whose side he had been watching night and day, for two days. The good Doctor was missed awhile, and when one of the family happened to go into an unoccupied room she came upon him on his knees praying God to spare the life that his own skill could no longer aid.

Such was the man, dear friends, whose face we shall look on to-day for the last time. I rejoice that so many of us are here to do it, and to recall and admire his noble traits of character. I commend them to you and to myself for imitation. I all on all present by the confidence we have in his integrity, to accept the faith whereby he lived and wherein he contentedly died—the faith that made his life what we have seen it, and took away from him the fear of death.

Since he fell asleep, I heard one say, I can think of nothing else but the words: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Another said his thought was, Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God. And this was natural for indeed we can hardly think of Dr. Davis in the same connection with any deed of wrong or of impurity. I have had occasion to erase many a name from our church register, by the broad black underscoring that designates the dead, but no name worthier than this. Come, look, all of us, once more, on his strong, calm face. It wears upon it in beauty, both victory and peace. He has "fought his fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith." Is it not so that in him is now fulfilled that text of the first Bloomfield sermon, preached in his father's house? He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life, but I will confess his name before my father and before his angels.

A THOUGHT.

It beats against the bars of speech,
With dumb, pathetic pleading to be free;
To stand in kingly garb of words,
That all the world may share its majesty.

But when the bars swing back, and forth
It steps outside the gates—lo! what stands here?
A king perchance, but clothed in beggar's rags
Instead of gold and purple kings should wear.
—Hilda Kent in Overland Monthly.

THE DIVINING ROD'S VIRTUES.

A Peculiar Symbol of the Magician's Craft—Its Efficacy.

The report comes from Michigan that some local celebrity has found a marvelous rod that is not only a sure detector of water and metal, but will indicate almost anything desired to be known. From Kansas comes the information that seventeen counties in that state possesses veritable madstones, all of which have been severely and accurately tested and proved to be of great virtue. All this would seem to indicate that the reign of superstition and the influence of divination has not yet departed even in this practical age.

The rod has always been a peculiar symbol of the magician's craft, and the agency by which occult power is manifested and worked out. Even in Holy Scripture it is employed constantly in this way. Moses wrought his miracles before Pharaoh by means of a rod which had been sanctioned as an emblem of divine commission. It is said, too, that Aaron's rod was an oracle in the settlement of the contest with the princes, and when, after his death, it was laid up in the Jewish ark, it budded and brought forth almonds. The Egyptian and Assyrian astrologers and magi all are represented in ancient sculpture as having peculiarly shaped rods, with which they divined and prophesied. Among the Greeks and the Romans the same thing is evident, while the more savage nations of Europe held the sacred wand in great repute and reverence. Tacitus tells that the ancient Germans used the rod constantly in all places of battle or conquest, and that they also divined the future much in the same way. "For this purpose," he says, "their method is simple. They cut a rod off some fruit tree into bits, and after having distinguished them them by various marks, they cast them in a white cloth, then the priest draws each piece and explains the oracle according to the marks."

In the middle ages the use of the divining rod was universal and was sanctioned by many dignitaries of church and state. It was believed to have perfect efficacy for the discovery of hidden treasure, veins of precious metals, springs of water, and especially for the discovery of criminals guilty of theft or murder.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the Jesuits were the chief scholars of Europe, there were many treatises extant devoted to the discussion of the merits and claims of these magic wands. In 1659 the Jesuit Gaspard Schott affirms that the rod was in constant use in every town in Germany, and that he had very frequently seen it used in the actual discovery of hidden treasure.—Chicago Herald.

Some Startling Figures.

A minister in this city gave utterance to the following remarkable assertion recently during a Sunday morning sermon: "In 1850 the number of insane in the population of the United States was at the rate of 1 in 1,500; in 1860 it was 1 in 1,200; in 1870 it was 1 in 1,000, and in 1880 it was 1 in 550."

Your correspondent showed these figures to Dr. Matthew D. Field, a local expert. Dr. Field thought the stated proportion of insane to the total population was certainly exaggerated. Being asked what the proportion is in New York city he figured with a pencil for a minute, and then said, looking somewhat puzzled: "Why, its about 1 in 200. I guess those figures are not so far off, after all."

"Dr. Hammond said: "Read that extract in this way and you'll have the right idea: 'In 1850 the known insane in the United States numbered 1 in 1,500; in 1860 there were found 1 in 1,200; in 1870 there were discovered an average of 1 in 1,000, and in 1880 diligent search brought to light 1 in 550.' I do not believe that insanity shows any such increase, but the drag-net is abroad, and everybody is on the lookout for cranks." St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Counting a Million.

It is a fact that a Buffalo family, while traveling over Europe in a carriage some years ago, under the incentive of wagers, made a test of the matter of counting a million. Five members of the family performed the task respectively in three weeks, five weeks, two months, and six months. As the time was spent entirely in driving about the continent, it was possible to put in five or six hours of steady counting a day, and by the use of pebbles, which were shifted from one pocket into another to mark tens and hundreds, the labor was greatly facilitated. It may readily be imagined that the counting became a terrible bore to such of the party as were not participants, and one of the latter admits a recollection of sometimes in those days finding himself counting when he should have been saying his prayers, so mechanical did the habit become before the task was finished.—Buffalo Courier.

Umbrellas for City Pedestrians.

It is suggested by a well-known sculptor, who has the absent-mindedness to be always losing his umbrella, that this useful article should be provided by the city, just as pavements and sewers are, in which case, he observes to his friends, the pedestrian on a rainy day would be able to seize an umbrella from a public rack in whatever street he might be, and to get rid of it by returning it to another rack as soon as the clouds rolled by.—New York Letter.

A Long Distance Telephone.

Work is now being done which will soon make it possible for merchants in this city to set a cosy little desk in their counting-rooms and talk without rising with people in New York, Boston and Philadelphia as well as with every subscriber of a new telephone company. A copper circuit has already been completed between New York and Boston, and the wires are fast approaching Philadelphia. Instead of the ordinary telephone at the wall the subscriber can be furnished with a beautiful rosewood desk about the size of a ladies' writing desk, with plenty of room to write upon, and with several drawers for papers.

The desk conceals the big magnet which operates the bell and also the other mechanism of a powerful telephone, except two silver warning balls and the transmitter. The transmitter with a silver mouth-piece about the size of a silver dollar is held by a metallic arm which is so arranged that it can be moved to raise or lower the mouth-piece several feet. By an automatic device the transmitter is also kept in the same relative position to the mouth at whatever position it is set. The only other thing which shows that the desk is not a gentleman's ordinary office furniture is a little movable bar with four metallic switches.

By this device the subscriber puts himself out of the city circuit and switches himself onto the main line for New York or Boston which he rings up and calls a New York or Boston subscriber with less trouble than is caused to call a subscriber in the same city. The copper circuit is perfect and free from induction. A reporter recently talked from the executive office of the company to New York over it. Although the wire passes through lengthwise the whole noisy city of New York a whispered conversation there was more easily heard than the ordinary city telephoning.—New Haven Register.

Episode of the Foreign War.

About the middle of the sixteenth century Ambrose Pare, the father of French surgery, revived the tying of bleeding vessels with simple threads, as described by Celsus, the Roman Hippocrates, in his account of the principles and practice of the Alexandrian school of medicine and surgery. Attempts to find an earlier origin for the ligature have not been successful, although so sound a scholar as Mr. E. Neville Rolfe, in his edition of the excellent "Hand-Book to the National Museum in Naples," thus describes the beautiful fresco of "Æneas Wounded:" "The painting, which is quite unimpaired, represents an episode of the Trojan war. Æneas leaning on his spear, with an expression denoting pain, has his arm around the neck of Iulus, who weeps. A surgeon is on his knees, picking up the artery with forceps. Other warriors look on, while Venus appears from Olympus with a sprig of balsam."

The proper reference is to the Latian war, as told by Virgil, who gives the story of Æneas' hurt in the twelfth book of the Æneid, verse 383 et seq. It was no artery that the surgeon tried in vain to take up in the hero's wound; it was the arrow-head imbedded in the tissues that had to be extracted by one of the methods described by Celsus (book vii., c. 5, "De Telis e Corpore Extrahendis"). The surgeon failed, as Celsus could have told him he would, and Venus had to interpose with an infusion of Cretan dittany, which, used as a fomentation, caused the arrow-head to drop from the wound without further ado.—Chicago News.

The Making of Wooden Ware.

The making of the wooden pails is an interesting study. Wooden shooks, the exact size of the pail, are put into the machine, which turns them out at the other end a complete pail, bound with three hoops, better and more evenly fastened than could be done by hand. Another machine paints the pail inside and out, white being the prevailing color, while a neat oak tint ornaments the outside. Washtubs are made of the same principle, and it is indeed surprising how many can be turned out during the working hours of the day.

But the making of washboards is even more suprising. The largest factory employed in this business is located many miles from this city. Here the trees are cut down and the timber often allowed to lay for two years until it is properly seasoned. Machinery is used to prepare the timber and make the washboards with the required ribs. But after they have been completed, a haul of twelve miles is necessary in order to reach the nearest railway station. Thence they are transported to this city. After the freight is paid they can be sold at 80 cents per dozen, wholesale, or 6 2-3 cents each. At the same time a profit is left to both dealer and maker. The dealer said: "Washboard-making has proved a very good business investment.—New York Mail and Express.

A Curious Cause of Blindness.

Dr. Widmark, a Swedish surgeon, having as a patient a young girl in whom he was unable to detect the slightes pathological changes in the right eye, but who was yet completely blind on that side, observing considerable defects in the teeth, sent her to M. Skogsborg, a dental surgeon, who found that all the upper and lower molars were completely decayed, and that in many of them the roots were inflamed. He extracted the remains of the molar on the right side, and in four days' time the sight of the right eye began to return, and on the eleventh day after the extraction of teeth it had become quite normal. The diseased fangs on the other side were subsequently removed, lest they should cause a return of the ophthalmic affection.—London Lancet.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNION.

Nearly All of Them Have Enjoyed Their Country Homes.

President Cleveland has attracted a good deal of attention and comment in the last few weeks by his sudden development of bucolic tastes, but in this he is only following in the footsteps of nearly every occupant of the presidential chair. Almost every president that this country has had has passed a part of his career in the delights of a country home. Washington, as everybody knows, owned a large estate at Mount Vernon, where he retired after his two terms in the presidency. His death, it will be remembered, was caused from exposure incident to his duties on the plantation, which he delighted to manage in person. John Adams, his successor, retired after his term in the presidency had expired, to a country seat, "Quincy," near Boston, and engaged in agricultural pursuits. Jefferson, after his retirement from public life, established himself at his home, Monticello, Va., where he entertained his friends, managed his estate, and died regretted by a large number of servants and domestics, which he had with him to the last. Madison, after his term of office had expired, retired to Montpelier, Va., where he became rector of the university of Virginia and engaged in agricultural pursuits. Monroe, after the close of his public life, took up his residence at Oak Hill, Va., where he entertained his friends royally, so much so, in fact, that he soon found the bottom of his purse, and was finally obliged to give up his princely estate and take up his residence with relatives in New York, where he was still making his home at the time of his death.

John Quincy Adams, after his term of office had expired, retired to the old family estate, "Quincy," in Massachusetts, but responded to his country's call again, and died at his post of duty in Washington, where he had been sent as a member of Congress. Jackson, as everybody knows, retired to the "Hermitage," Nashville, where he died. Van Buren, after his term in office expired, retired to Kinderhook, N. Y., and there ended his days. Harrison, who died during his term in the presidency, was buried at his home in North Bend, Ohio, and there his remains still lie. Tyler was accustomed to country life, and delighted in it, as it brought him recollections of early days when his father was one of the largest land owners in Virginia. Polk, whose early days were spent in the country as the son of a farmer, looked forward to a comfortable life of retirement just beside Nashville, after his term of service in the presidency, but had only been three months away from here when death called him. Taylor, who had worked on a plantation during his early life, had looked forward with pleasure to a quiet life on his estate at Baton Rouge, La., after retiring from his war service. He had scarcely begun this, however, when he was called to the presidency, and before his term had fairly begun, his life ended. Fillmore was the son of a farmer, and spent his early life among rural delights. Pierce ever remembered with affection the place where his boyhood days were spent, and where he taught a country school when he arrived at the early years of manhood.

Buchanan, after his presidential labors were ended, retired to a country place, "Wheatland," in Pennsylvania, where he died. Lincoln, as everybody knows, was reared amid the most primitive of country life, and retained a great affection for the homely things of life to the day of his sad death. The same may be said of his successor, Johnson, who was in this respect not unlike his more illustrious predecessor, who was a farmer in his earlier days, ended his days in the country, heartily wishing, no doubt, that he had followed the example of his predecessors and retired to the country rather than have entered the whirlpool of New York business life. Mr. Hayes, as everybody knows, is in retirement, upon a farm in Ohio, devoting his attention to the duties of a rural life, and entertaining the many friends who seek him out in his comparative seclusion. President Garfield went from his country home, at Mentor, Ohio, to the White House, where he was stricken down by the assassin's bullet, and his sorrowing wife and family, after a couple of years in city life, have just determined to sell their city home and return to their country residence. President Arthur, after a year of city life, at the close of his term, now seeks the country as his only hope of regaining the health lost in his service in the White House. And President Cleveland, following the example of his long line of presidential predecessors, is preparing a country home for himself, only varying the order by beginning his country life during his actual term of service.—Louisville Post.

Andrew Jackson in New York.

I recall one day when, through its whole extent, Broadway was crowded to its utmost capacity; when every window was filled; when it seemed as if every man, woman, and child in the great city had come there; when the air was one roar of cheers and martial music, while flags waved and handkerchiefs fluttered, a great procession moved slowly up the street, but all eyes were fixed upon one man who rode, quite separated from those nearest to him, upon a coal-black horse, a gaunt, erect, grim old man, dressed in ill-fitting black clothes, and who waved in his hand a white beaver hat, decorated with an immense crape mourning weed. His white hair stood up stiff and straight from his bared head, which he turned from right to left, bowing in acknowledgment of the deafening cheers that rose on every side. The grim old man was the hero of New Orleans, Andrew Jackson, then president of the United States, in the hight of his popularity, on his tour through the northern states.—Cor. New York Sun.

RURAL LIFE IN CEYLON.

A Planter's Experience—Not Hard Work—The Bothersome Porcupine.

A young planter from the slope of "The Knuckles" lately gave us the pleasure of his company. The Knuckles, 6,000 feet high, are thus named because from a distant point, my verandah, for instance, the ridge appears to be a row of regular peaks which shape the horizon like the knuckles of a human fist. This planter has been in Ceylon eight years and four months. The four months elapsed immediately after his entrance into a world of experiment; then he passed eighteen years in England, and the next eight years on these mountains. This embodiment of British brain and brainy energy has charge of 1,000 cultivated acres. They lie up and down rather than around his "Knuckle;" therefore at different heights he raises the different sorts of plants adapted to the locality, tea being largely the chief, and for its profits it is just at this moment the plant of the future, all outlay and no income. He is putting up large machinery, and when the estates are working properly and flourishingly, three or four years hence, his 1,000 acres which now require 400 laborers will employ two persons to each acre, i. e., 2,000 men, women and children. Children can pick tea leaves, and the toddling tot minds the creeping baby—a creation which exists in every Tamil family.

The Tamils are not dying out, though they are of the Dravidian, the oldest of old peoples; from a hardy antiquity they survive in very vital condition. Looking at their slender figures and little feet, who would suppose that they were to bear the heavy burdens of life! But the farming here is not so muscular a work as it is in Illinois. It is more a gardening, a plant culture. But Tamils shoulders the planter's "box" (trunk) with the lifting strength of an Italian porter, and more than of the weakened Irishman on May-day in New York, who groans under baggage and bangs it down at the new residence, and demands extra money for the weight.

The heathen do not so. They give a smile instead of a groan, and are glad of the opportunity to work. Tamils are neither Aryan nor African, but seem to have as much vital vim as the Aryan; black as negroes, they have none of the African physiognomy except the color. While we were eating banana fritters and the other good things that form the festive tropic dinner, the planter told how his uppermost field, made of virgin earth, run up into the original jungle that never had been molested since Adam and Buddha left their tread marks on this classic island. Buddha's on the Alu Wihar bolders that fell to the foot of the Matale hills, the leading points in the landscape now before my eye, while the foot-print of our gardener-parent is (said to be) on that "Adams Peak," whence, immediately after the fall and the curse, in deep meditation he looked over this blossoming island.

The planter told what an amazing incursion of porcupines he is just now contending with. The hungry little hog having fierce and frightful quills from ears to tail, with only an undefended nose, roots up and devours all the vegetable food that lies in his way, and has admirable taste in the selection of garden stuff. The planter's adjoining neighbor, i. e., the next knuckle of the range, is not only a planter, but a loving student of botany and zoology, which he has in that situation excellent opportunities of pursuing. Too good, he thought, when lately confusion and broken pottery reigned over the length and breadth of his verandah. The porcupine knocked over his choice flower-pots; the blossoms which diffused fragrance through his bungalo, the tender leaves he had nursed into development, were snipped off as fine edibles by this ravaging and gustatory beast. Porcu, pork; pine, spine or prickle—a hog of thorns.

The jungle-cock was a creature which the planter discoursed enthusiastically. The domestic bird that supplies Europe and America with eggs, the barn-yard fowl, is in his native country and original state in Ceylon. He breeds no improvement by crossing. The jungle-cock the planter described as being a prince in his way, admirable, beautiful.

The peacock is here also in native land. At Anurajapura, a famous city of Ceylon's ancient ruins, a peacock's feathered skin, from beak to tail inclusive, can be bought for $10 (20 rupees). Anurajapura more than 1,000 years ago was the center of civilization. Now it is the center of jungle.

Daring of a Reckless Man.

Markgraf Pallavicini, who lately lost his life by falling from the top of the Grossglockner in Tyrol, appears to have been a most extraordinary sort of a dare-devil. He had not only climbed all the most difficult peaks in Switzerland and Scandanavia, but was also quite at home among the Himalayan giants. In making an ascent he habitually refused to take the easiest routes, and often bribed his guides by offering them twice or three times their usual fees for taking him up the most difficult route.

A fellow-touris, relates that at one time, to save an hour's time, Pallavicini slid down the surface of a steep glacier regardless of possible crevasses. On two of his ascents the rope to which he was attached broke, and another time, near Zermatt, he rolled down a precipice several hundred metres without suffering any damage, besides the loss of his suspenders. Nor did the bullets in the battle of Koniggaatz or the tigers he hunted in India inflict the slightest harm on him.

Production of Artificial Ivory.

Artificial ivory exhibited at the Amsterdam exhibition is stated to have been produced from the bones of sheep and waste pieces of deer and kid skins. The bones are macerated and bleached for two weeks in chloride of lime, then heated by steam along with the skin so as to form a fluid mass; to which a small quantity of alum is added. The mass is then filtered, dried in the air, and allowed to harden in a bath of alum, the result being white, tough plates, which are more easily worked than natural ivory.—Frank Leslie's.

Improving the Piano Player's Fingers.

[New York Cor. Inter Ocean.]

The feat of covering an octave on the keys of a piano is too much for the small hands of some girls, and a surgical operation for adding to the spreading capacity of the fingers has come into considerable vogue. It consists in dividing certain fibrous bands in the little finger. Most of the pupils of a certain professor of music have submitted to it. There is not much pain involved, and no disfigurement.

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